

DAVID WILLIAM AND
CATHERINE MURDOCH *Hicken*



David W. Hicken was born August 8,

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1861, in Heber, the seventh and youngest child of Thomas and Catharine Fewkes Hicken. He married Catherine Murdoch on July 21, 1886, in the Logan Temple. His death came on October 31, 1953, at the age of 92. His wife died in 1945 at the age of 80 years.

David Hicken grew up helping his father on the farm. He learned to plow with ox teams and would help in the canyons getting wood for the long, hard winters. He attended school in a one-room rock building near the home of his parents, sitting on a slab bench and writing with his book on his knees.

After his marriage he purchased his first property, two city lots at Second East and Fifth South, paying \$125. He built a home on the lot and lived there with his wife for nearly 59 years. Their nine children were born and lived in the home. They also reared five other children in the home, who came to live with them after their parents had died.

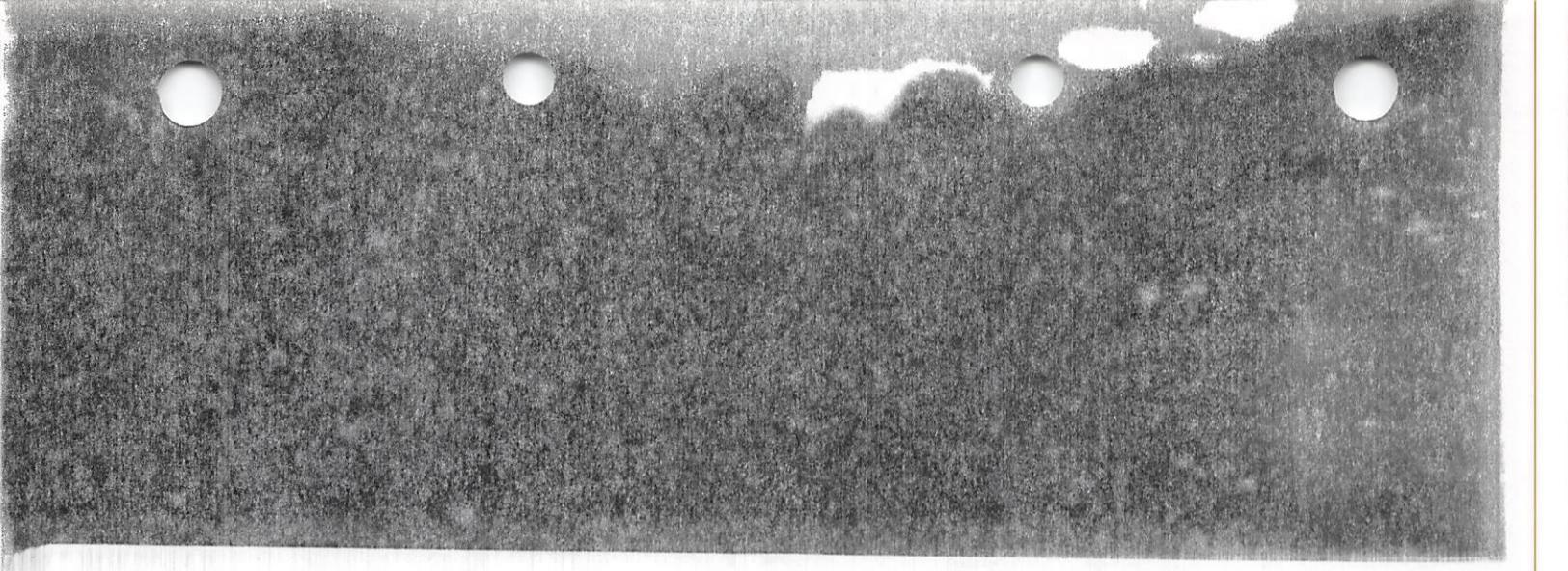
During the term of Mayor James W. Clyde, David was appointed Heber City marshal. His salary was \$45 per month for the first six months and then \$50 for the following six months. During his term as marshal he never made more than \$75 per month. Mayors he served under included Mr. Clyde, Edward Clyde, Joseph R. Murdoch and Joseph A. Rasband.

In his logging and farming experiences he narrowly escaped death several times, but through faith his life was preserved.

In 1901 he was called to fill a mission for the LDS Church in the Southern States, and then in 1927 filled a short-term mission.

The children include Zoa Christensen, Zola Parks (twins), David Rodney, Dora Larson, Rollo, Ann Hicken, Ward Hicken, and two babies who died in infancy, Mary and John.

During his last few years he enjoyed plane rides to California to visit his daughters, always commenting on the transformation he had witnessed in his life, all the way from plowing with ox teams to air travel.



were dulled by old age and ill health, her arms were ready to hold a child with an earache or a heartache.

On her deathbed, two of her small great granddaughters were visiting, and while the granddaughter took a turn caring for Mama, she heard the little voices in the kitchen and asked, "Whose children are they? Bring them in here." "But we thought they might disturb you." "Never, never. It is always so good to hear the young ones play. Please don't keep them from me."

To Mama, life was a gift filled with people she loved, worked for, gave to, protected, and encouraged--most of all encouraged. If you were a relative or friend of Catherine Campbell Murdoch Hicken's, you were wonderful, accomplished, beloved, and welcomed. And because of this, Mama Kate didn't really die in 1945 at the age of eighty. She just slipped into another room, from where she calls out to us, "Oh, my, you are doing just fine. I'm so proud of you, and I can hardly wait until you can find the time to come and stay awhile with me. Our door is never locked; if we're not here when you come, just come right in and make yourself at home. I've just gone out to chop that rooster's head off so we can have chicken and dumplings for dinner!"

(This profile of Catherine Campbell Murdoch Hicken was written by her granddaughter, Rodello Hicken Hunter Calkins.) Copyright 1979 by Rodello Hunter.)



"House of Many Rooms." Hicken Home--Heber, Utah.

*Dave Hicken home
Faces west*